Dar. A boone (my ſouereigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once what it is thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſouereigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending one the Duke of *Norffolke.*
Kin. Haue I a Tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardone to a ſlaue;
My brother flew no man his fault was thought,
And yet his punniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeled at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb could night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt and not a man of you
Had ſomuch grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done adrunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare redeemer,
You ſtraight are one your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngratious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God I feare thy Iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings helpe mee to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*
Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe
How that the guiltie kindred of th
Lookt pale when they did heare of
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the
God will reuenge it. But come lets
To comfort *Edward* with our com
Enter Dutches of Yorke, with
Boy. Tell me good Granam, is o
Dut. No Boy.
Boy. Why doe you wring your
And crie, Oh *Clarence* my vnhapp
Girle. Why doe you looke on
And call vs wretched, Orphanes,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My pritty Coſens you miſt
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the Kin
As loth to looſe him now your fath
It were loſt labour to weepe for one
Boy. Then Granam you conclud
The King my vncle is too blame fo
God will reuenge it, whom I will i
With dayly prayers all to that effe
Dut. Peace children peace, the
Incapable and ſhallow inocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſed your
Boy. Granam, we can: for my
Told me, the King prouoked by the
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kin
And bad me relie on him as one my
And he would loue me dearely as hi
Dut. Oh that deceite ſhould ſte
And with a vertuous vizard hide fo
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my
Yet from my dugs he drew not this
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, wh

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